THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, July 7, 1806.

INTERESTING TRIAL.

COURT of KING's BENCH,

Saturday, June 21.

THE CHILD OF TWO MOTHERS!

The KING *v.* HOPKINS and WIFE.

THE following facts were disclosed in this very singular case. It appeared by the affidavit of Sarah Persal Knott, that in the month of October, 1803, being pregnant, she applied to Mr. Hough, an accoucheur, to attend her. The child was born, and was baptized on the 28th of November, 1803. From the birth, to the 21st of August last, the infant continued with the mother, but on that day, Peter and Mary Hopkins possessed themselves of the child in the following way:— They came to her, and desired her to drink with them, Mary Hopkins taking the child in her arms with a bottle to procure some spirits. She soon returned, but without the child, which she said was lost. Mrs. Knott being disappointed in her search for the infant, went into the country, where she received a letter, on the 28th of the same month, informing her, that the child was with Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins, at the house of Mr. Harman, the father of the latter. In the beginning of September, Mrs. Knott came to town, and instantly went to the house of Mr. Harman, when she claimed the child as her own, and Mary Hopkins immediately delivered it to her, in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Harman, and Mr. Hopkins. The latter said, at the same time, "I am glad your child is returned to

you," and Mrs. Hopkins said, "My sister (Mrs. Nicholson,) had given it out that the child was her daughter's."

Mr. Garrow said, "The child so restored was Mary Knott's, and the infant of the daughter of Mrs. Nicholson is dead. The child remained with the mother until the 20th of January last, when about two o'clock in the afternoon, Mrs. Hopkins came to the house where Mrs. Knott was, accompanied by two soldiers, and asked the mother if she had not with her a child at nurse?"

Mr. Justice Lawrence.—"Does this appear on the affidavit of Mary Persal Knott?"

Mr. Garrow.—"Yes, my lord. To that question Mrs. Knott had scarcely time to reply in the negative, when the soldiers broke open the door, and burst into the room where the child was: Mrs. Hopkins directly hurried away with the infant, which has, to the present moment, remained in her power. It is evident that this is not the child of Mrs. Nicholson's daughter, as that had a dark complexion, and dark hair; whereas this child is fair, with flaxen hair. There is an affidavit of Mr. Hough, which confirms many of the facts deposed to by Mary Persal Knott, and greatly tends to establish the identity of the child."

Lord Ellenborough.—"It seems, that in this case the mother, or rather the person called the mother, for I will not look to her rights in that character; I say it appears, that Mrs. Knott had the child in her possession, undisturbed, for a long time; she was then deprived of it by stratagem; she regains the object of her search, until she is again dispossessed of it. Then presuming all in favour of the party so quietly having had possession, we think that in the exercise of our authority, we ought to require, that the child be put into the same possession, leaving the right to the infant to be decided by the court of chancery to which the subject properly belongs.

Extracts from the Reports of the Committee for relieving the Distresses in Germany.

(Continued from Page 505.)

Extract of a Letter from the Rev. Superintendant Scholl, dated Heidenheim, January 28, 1806.

AFTER stating several affecting particulars, Mr. Scholl thus proceeds:

"Heidenheim, the principal town of the district, (which contains upwards of 2000 souls,) has had alone to provide for more than 46,000 men, both cavalry and infantry. Any one, who

who knows that neither agriculture nor grazing is here carried on to any considerable extent, but that most of the inhabitants are manufacturers, whose business has for several years past been stagnating, will easily conceive how oppressive it must have been to the poor artisan to be obliged in one day to receive and provide for 10, 20, 30, 40, 50, or more soldiers in his small habitation. Now, although such measures have already been taken, that none are likely to perish for want, yet many have been so materially injured in their means of subsistence, by the unhappy circumstances of the times, that they cannot look forward to the future without the most anxious apprehensions: they may, therefore, with truth, be said to stand in the most urgent need of benevolent assistance towards their future support.

"Far more lamentable, however, was the situation of Herbrechtingen, a village containing 1734 souls. In the month of October, when the imperial troops retreated through it, and the French pursued them closely under a continual fire, they were reduced to indescribable distress. The inhabitants in general are at all times poor; but by requisitions—by troops quartered upon them,—by their fire-wood being carried off, and their houses in some cases plundered, they have been involved in such accumulated sufferings as give them a peculiar claim to benevolent relief."

After detailing the sufferings of various places in the same district, Mr. Scholl continues thus:

"But after giving you this faithful picture of the state of the district of Heidenheim, I should do little justice to the feelings of my heart, should I recommend that only to your generosity. No;—other parts of Wirtemberg have suffered not less than it has. Nobly extend then your benevolence to them also, and consider especially various families in Goeppingen, where, in consequence of the many thousands of Austrian and Russian prisoners that have been conveyed through that town, the air has been infected to such a degree, that several of the heads of families have already fallen victims to the contagion.

"Whilst in our district the hearts of the poor pray for God's rich blessing upon your noble undertaking, the same will be done there, by the tears of gratitude of the widow and the orphan."

Translation of a Letter from Brunn, dated January 30, 1806.

"The sufferings of Moravia are enormous; those of our town in particular. A very great proportion of the inhabitants have been reduced to beggary, by the burthens and devastations of foreign troops. We were obliged to furnish every

supply: but, all trade being at a stand, no means were left to procure them. Many fathers have been carried off by grief, leaving their wives and children in a helpless condition."

Extract of a Letter from the Rev. Dr. Reinhardt, dated Dresden, February 22, 1806.

"In the mountainous parts of Saxony, which is inhabited chiefly by manufacturers, there are at present whole villages in which the parents, who formerly supported themselves by their labour in the manufactories, are now, on account of the total stagnation of all inland trade, totally unable to clothe their very numerous families: and, according to the reports which have been received by the ecclesiastical council, there are several places in which fifty, sixty, and more children have been obliged to desist from frequenting the schools for want of clothes to put on."

The miseries, experienced in the district last named, are further detailed in an official narrative, dated March 7, 1806.—From this it appears, that, for many years past, the poor people had, by exceedingly hard labour, been enabled to earn a scanty supply of bread and potatoes, seasoned with a little salt; yet they did not complain:—and, last summer, notwithstanding the government had reduced the price of bread, they were unable to procure a sufficiency of it! They were still content with only half a meal, in the hope of a full supply from the potatoe crops; but this hope was frustrated by an early frost. Even to this hard fare they submitted without a murmur; satisfying their hunger with the corn, which from the coldness of the preceding summer was not fully ripened, and which soon began to grow mouldy: and, at present, this wretched sustenance has failed him.

Two-fifths of the inhabitants of the town of Wolckenstein (the population of which is about 1800 persons) move through the streets like living corpses; most of them nearly destitute of clothes to cover them. With their beds they had long since parted, so that these wretched beings are now obliged to lie on straw or rags, to forget their woes in sleep, if hunger will allow them that solace!—"In vain," it is stated, "do we look for succour to any of the neighbouring places; for their wants are equally pressing. The inhabitants of Sazungen, on the frontiers, present a melancholy prospect, their little trade having entirely failed. Previously to the last harvest, these unfortunate people wandered through the woods in quest of herbs and roots; which they ate boiled, with the addition of a little salt only. Hence have been generated putrid fevers, dysenteries, and various eruptions. Several children in Eubenstock have been literally starved to death! And so extreme is the

the distress, that even the soldiers, who have but little to bestow, and who are not moved by trifles, felt quite broken-hearted at being eye-witnesses of it." The statement concludes with an honourable mention of four companies of Prussian riflemen, who were quartered in the vicinity of Eubenstock; and who, on leaving that melancholy spot, made a collection among themselves (from which the meanest soldier would not exempt himself), amounting to 80 rix dollars, or about 12l. sterling.

In consequence of these afflictive details, the committee immediately forwarded pecuniary supply, for the relief of Saxony, with a special request that the mountainous parts might be particularly attended to.

Extract of a Letter from Lusatia, dated March 1, 1806.

"There are between two and three thousand poor people in our neighbourhood; who, for many weeks together, have not tasted a morsel of bread, and who have lived upon a few potatoes mixed with bran, and boiled into a pottage. But the time is fast approaching, when even this resource will be exhausted. * * * * * Whole troops of beggars come from Upper Lusatia and Bohemia to our town, resembling moving skeletons, creeping from house to house. Many of them fell upon their knees before the doors, and cried for a morsel of bread to save their lives!"

Extract of a Letter from Germany, dated March 4, 1806.

After acknowledging the receipt of former supplies, and specifying the proportions and places in which they were appropriated, the writers proceed:—"We are entreated from all quarters for assistance; and, without the generous supply of the English nation, many inhabitants of this unfortunate country must miserably perish."

Extract of a Letter from the respectable Clergyman of Schnaitheim.

"The loss, which has befallen my congregation during the last campaign, is felt the more, as the number of those who have any property is very small, so much so, indeed, that, out of 1200 souls which this place contains, there are not above twenty families in good circumstances. A distemper among the cattle which has raged three times, together with the whole of the revolutionary war, (as long as it raged in Swabia) has ravaged this neighbourhood, and particularly Schnaitheim, which had already suffered very severely. The loss sustained from the fifth of October, 1805, to the end of last year, amounts to about 60,000 florins. In the eventful month of October

October alone, we had 12,000 men quartered at Schnaitheim, independently of the retreat of the whole of the imperial army, and the subsequent march through this place of at least 20,000 French troops, by which new losses were always sustained. With these accumulated sufferings no assistance can be hoped for on the part of our country; on the contrary, the people are expected to pay heavy taxes, as well as those in arrear; by which the poorer class of people will almost totally be deprived of their subsistence, particularly at this season, when very little can be earned by the industrious labourer."

(To be continued.)

MEMOIRS *of the late* ALDERMAN SKINNER.

THE career of this respectable and upright man furnishes one of the most pleasing illustrations of the happy effects of industry, integrity, and perseverance, which recent times have afforded; presenting a delightful picture of a uniformly honourable progress from the adventitious obscurity of humble birth to self-acquired opulence and honour.

Mr. Skinner was born at Brentford, in Middlesex, on the 14th January, 1737. He was apprenticed at the usual age to an upholder in Newgate-street; and, in 1757, he married Margaret, the daughter of Thomas White, a reputable manufacturer of Whitecross-street. Of this most excellent lady it is difficult to speak in terms of praise adequate to her high merits. It is certainly not saying too much to assert that there never was a better wife or mother, a more sincere or zealous friend: nor can it be doubted that the basis of Mr. Skinner's splendid fortune was in great part formed by the industry and economy of his most amiable wife.

It was from this epoch that Mr. Skinner began to be known to the public as an auctioneer. In this line of business he rose to an unprecedented degree of celebrity, and honourably acquired more wealth than any other individual in that profession of the present or of former times. Yet he never possessed the shining accomplishmen s of a Cock or a Christie in the pulpit. He displayed no powers of eloquence, nor arts of rhetoric. Plain truth was his invariable figure of speech; unimpeachable honour, and incorruptible honesty, were the graces which he constantly studied; and these qualifications were soon recognized by the monied interest of this commercial empire as the best possible recommendation to their confidence and patronage. The sums which have passed through his hands are immense. There is scarcely a corner of the island which has not at one time or other felt the weight of his hammer, which, like

a magician's wand, has transferred perhaps half the land of the kingdom from one owner to another.

At a meeting of common-hall on Midsummer day, 1783, Mr. Skinner was put in nomination to serve the office of sheriff of London for the year ensuing. At this period Mr. Skinner was in the prime of life, and in the full possession of health and vigour. He received this mark of the confidence and respect of the liverymen of London in a manly and becoming manner. Though it was not sought by him, he did not shrink from the duties which it imposed. The most conspicuous feature of the year in which he was sheriff was the dissolution of the parliament, and the election of a new one. The spirit of party was never more violent. Mr. Fox, who had then been newly stripped of power, had in every part of the kingdom numerous friends who espoused his interest, and the interest of his supporters, and strenuously exerted themselves in securing their re-election to parliament. On the other hand, the supporters of the new ministry were equally zealous in their opposition. This contest was carried to a violent extreme in the metropolis, where consequently Mr. Skinner, in his situation of returning officer, had a difficult and very delicate duty to perform. The sincere friend and confessed admirer of Mr. Fox, and a staunch supporter of whig principles and the whig interest, his whole heart was with the friends of that great statesman. Added to which, the two whig candidates for the city, Aldermen Newnham and Sawbridge, were also his particular friends.

In the election for Middlesex his interest at this time was still more preponderating. Of so much consequence did the celebrated Wilkes consider it, that he once observed to a friend, 'If any man wishes to be member for Middlesex he must make his bow to Mr. Skinner." Here also he had the same delicate task to perform; for Mr. Byng, the whig candidate, was one of his most intimate friends. Yet so admirably did he blend his public duties and his private feelings together, that even the rival candidates themselves subscribed to his justice, honour, and impartiality.

There is, perhaps, no part of the duty of a sheriff so painful as that which imposes upon him the superintendance of the prisons, and the execution of criminals. The regulations which Mr. Skinner effected in the gaol of Newgate, and the two compters, have produced such wholesome effects, that the debtor and the felon will ever have cause to be grateful for his exertions. To his humane interference also the inhabitants of the metropolis are indebted for the discontinuance of a spectacle which was at once revolting to the feelings of the beholders, and barbarous to the wretched victims of offended justice in their last awful hour. The spectacle to which we allude was,

that of dragging culprits condemned to death in carts, or on sledges, from Newgate through the most populous streets of London, to be executed at Tyburn. This most afflicting sight, is now confined to the gates of Newgate.

On the death of Mr. Bates in 1785, Mr. Skinner was a second time invited by the ward of Queenhithe to become their alderman. This honour, which he had formerly declined, he then accepted; a step to which he was no doubt the more readily induced from the experience which he had received of the attention and ability of his partner, Mr. Dyke, in conducting the concerns of the house. Mr. Skinner was called by the unanimous voice of his fellow citizens to the high office of lord-mayor; and perhaps no period of the history of London can be named when vigilance and discretion in its chief magistrate were more necessary than during his mayoralty. The state trials of that year will render it for ever memorable in the annals of this country. The predecessor of Mr. Skinner had deemed it necessary, for the preservation of the peace, during the trial of Horne Tooke, to line the Old Bailey with the military. Upon the continuation of these trials, the new lord-mayor rejected the proferred services of the soldiers. For this act he was severely censured by the ministerial journalists, and, if we are rightly informed, an attempt was made by high authority to intimidate him to adopt the military regime. He continued, however, to preserve the peace of the metropolis through the whole of his mayoralty by the aid of the civil power alone; and declared that while he sat in the civic chair no military force should be employed. This constitutional conduct justly raised him to the highest degree of popularity. The hospitality of his table, and the splendour of his entertainments at the mansion-house, though at least equal to any of his predecessors, are objects which have only a minor claim to notice, eclipsed as they were by the inflexible integrity and patriotic independence with which he discharged every function of a constitutional chief magistrate.

On Michaelmas day, 1799, Mr. Skinner was again returned by the livery of London, in conjunction with Mr. Combe, to the court of aldermen, for their choice of one of them to be lord-mayor, when the court elected the former a second time, in preference to Mr. Combe, who had not served the office. This decision of the court of aldermen Mr. Skinner firmly resisted, by refusing to serve the second time that office, which he had so recently and honourably discharged. The perseverance of the livery in returning to the court of aldermen these two gentlemen only, and the firmness of Mr. Skinner in refusing to serve the office, at length fixed Alderman Combe in the chief magistracy of the city.

From the period of his mayoralty, the declining state of his health precluded him from taking that active part in public affairs which had formerly occupied his time. He attended, however, several of the city committees; and the grand improvements at Snow Hill have been called Skinner-street, in complement to his memory. The loss of his amiable lady in 1797, with whom he enjoyed an uninterrupted course of domestic happiness for nearly forty years, was an affliction which he keenly and deeply felt. Withdrawing, therefore, in a great degree from the metropolis, the alderman spent the evening of an active, useful, and honourable life in retirement, at Collier's Wood, near Merton, in Surrey; where he experienced in the unremitting attentions of Miss Skinner, the best consolation that a parent's age and infirmity can receive, the proofs of filial duty and affection.

Besides this amiable daughter, Mr. Skinner has left four others, all married, and two sons; among whom he has divided his large fortune, with the same discretion and impartiality which marked every act of his life, both public and private. Integrity the most inflexible may indeed be considered as the prominent feature in the character of Mr. Skinner; and even his charities, which were of great extent, were guided by discretion: tenderness never seduced, cowardice never baffled his judgement; and if uncommon strength of intellect and incorruptible honesty of heart combined, may be said to constitute a great and good man, such a man is now lost to his relatives, his friends, and his country, for ever, by the death of Alderman Skinner. He died January 30, 1806.

Portrait and Character of the Hon. Admiral Cornwallis.

[From a Work just published by Mr. Cundee, entitled "Naval Anecdotes."]

IN respect to person, he is of the middle size, stout and portly, with a certain degree of prominence before, which may be supposed to add dignity to a commander in chief, and must be allowed not to be unbecoming in an officer now in the sixty-second or sixty-third year.

As to talents, his skill and bravery are undoubted; his seamanship in particular is in high repute; and a long apprenticeship, of more than forty years, during which he has had fewer intervals of relaxation on shore than perhaps any other officer of equal rank in the British navy, has enabled him to acquire a degree of professional capability, which renders no disaster unknown, and no situation unusual to him. In point of habits he is a reserved man; and is so little desirous f

bustle when on shore, that, on its being observed, during a temporary residence near Chichester, that "he must be very lonely," he replied, "that the cabbage-stocks in his garden were company enough for him."

At times he enjoys his glass freely; but is so abstemious when on duty, that he has been known, for six months together, to drink no more than a couple of glasses of wine at dinner, after which he carefully abstained from any other refreshment during the whole of the succeeding part of the day.

It has always been usual for British sailors, with that frankness so conspicuous in their characters, to designate their favourite commanders by means of some apposite expression, originating in some peculiarity, arising either out of their persons or manners. Boscawen was familiarly termed *wry-necked Dick;* Pye, so long port-admiral at Portsmouth, was always called *Nosey;* Earl Howe, whose very name is still adored by the navy, received the appellation of *Black Dick;* while Admiral Cornwallis, on account of a certain twirl of his finger and thumb, added to a sleek and ruddy countenance, and a wig somewhat similar to that seen in front of a nobleman's carriage, is frequently denominated *Coachée* and *Mr. Whip.*

ANECDOTES *of the* LION.

[From the Travels of the Sieur Frejus in Mauritania.]

IT is true there be very many lions in Mauritania; but that (as it is said) the Arabs take the pains to breed them up, and feed them amongst their flocks, is a perfect mockery. If it happen, as sometimes it doth, that an Arab finds a lion's den, in which there are some young ones newly whelped, he presently carries them to the Christians, to see if they will buy them. Thus I had two brought me, a male and a female, which I brought up for two or three years so tame, that they went up and down our warehouse amongst our antelopes and such other creatures. The male lion was so familiar, though a great one, that he often came and lay with me, and once did me very good service; for in a moonshine night some Arabs came up into my chamber, with a design to have robbed me; but as soon as they saw a lion lying by me, they ran away, crying out one to another, *endon seba*—"there is a lion." This Mr. Amabrique told me, who accidentally was out of his chamber, and seeing my door open, and hearing the Arabs say this, he came in, wakened me, and told me what had happened. This male lion was very tame, but the lioness was mischievous, and she once hurt a little Moor, and complaint was presently made to the governor,

vernor, who took them away from me, and put them between four walls; but not long after there fell great rains, which flung down the walls, which were only made of mud, and in the night-time the lions got out, went into a stable which was open, over against the king's palace, and being almost famished, they made a great slaughter among the horses and mules. This made so great a noise, that the whole town was alarmed, every one ran to his arms, and thus my poor lions were killed.

Once as we were hunting the wild-boar, we were all surprised that our horses made a stand on the sudden, and the dogs crept under our horses' legs. We presently cried out one to the other, "Certainly there is a lion hereabouts;" and in truth we were not a little affrighted to see one pass by us, within fifteen or twenty paces of us. He stopped to view us, and seeing we stirred not, he walked on very stately. He was higher than any of our horses, and marched with a most majestic gravity, swinging about in a terrible manner his great tufted tail. We knew the nature of a lion is not to suffer any either to fly from him or to attack him, for whoever doth so, in three leaps he most assuredly seizes upon him: wherefore we durst not venture to shoot at him, and to fly from him was impossible, for the most courageous horses tremble like a leaf at the sight of a lion.

Mr. Anthony Caliron, of Montpelier, and Mr. Abraham Vanlybergen, of Rouën, who both loved hunting very well, being informed that there was a pond whereat lions and wild-boars came in the night to drink, they agreed to go there and build a hut in the day, and wait in it all night, and kill these creatures as fast as they came to drink. This design succeeded so well, that they destroyed fourteen lions and wild-boars, and flayed the largest, bringing away their skins with them.

The following story was related to me in that country by very credible persons:

About the year 1614 or 1615, two Christian slaves at Morocco resolving to make their escape, agreed to do it by night, and to travel all the night, and in the day-time to hide themselves in the tops of the trees, that they might not be discovered by the Arabs, who would certainly have brought them back into slavery. They knew that the sea-coast lay from them just north, and that in eight or ten days they might get thither, and that it would not be very difficult for them to carry or find out provisions for so short a time. According to their design they escaped by night, and having travelled 'till day-break, they then climbed up a tree, where they passed the day but melancholy, being much troubled and afflicted to see the Arabs pass frequently by them: besides, as soon it was known in Morocco that two slaves were run away, presently several horsemen went

out in search of them. But when night came, the two slaves continued on their journey 'till the next morning, and then seeking out for a tree to hide themselves, they were astonished to see a great lion just by them, which walked when they walked, and stood still when they stood still. Observing which, they concluded that this was a safe-conduct sent them by providence, and then they took courage, and travelled in the day time, in company with the lion. When the horsemen who went in pursuit of them overtook them, and would have seized on them, the lion interposed himself, which made the horsemen stand still, who, being struck with admiration, let them pass on. The like did several others; for every day these poor fugitives met with some or other who attempted to seize them, 'till at last they reached the sea-side in safety, where the lion left them, and they went into the town of Masagan. There the two poor slaves related this miracle, which was confirmed at Morocco by the Arabs who returned from pursuing them, and the news of this was dispersed every where as a great and constant truth.

I was told the following story by my intimate friend Paul Le Bel, called Tager Paulo (Tager signifying a merchant), in whose place I remained when he went away from Morocco.

About the year 1615, the whole town of Morocco (as he said) went out to see two terrible fierce creatures, a lion and a wild boar, which lay wounded in a tuft of reeds, hard by the gate of the city, and died, the one presently after the other. The lion was rent up with the tusks of the wild-boar, and the boar torn in pieces with the teeth and claws of the lion. They had fought all the night in the tuft of reeds, which they had beaten down and trampled on, which all the Christians, Moors, and Jews, went to see; for in those countries the wild-boars are most furious creatures, especially in brimming-time, which is about March.

On the Stature and Bodily Powers of the Ancients.

To the PRINTER,

SIR,

IT has been a popular notion, from perhaps the earliest times, that the human race, at previous and remote periods, were of a stature and strength far superior to those of the instant, and we read in Homer of the weak men of his degenerate days. Granting a ratio of gradual diminution, from the first men, in their successors; allowing also the intelligibility and propriety of the term first men, the men as well as the peaches of Adam's days must have been of an admirable and stately size. We have caught this notion from the ancients, and applied it generally

generally to the early periods of our history, and in part to centuries and times immediately preceding our own. That affection for the marvellous, and that credulity, which seem so essentially connate with the human mind, have not been satiated with assigning to the early races of men superior stature and bodily strength, but also a far more lengthened duration of life, even to heaping centuries upon centuries, to the favoured generations of the primitive times.

I should be pleased to see this curious subject discussed in a far more extensive way than I am prepared to treat it, and indeed with a more satisfactory precision than it has ever hitherto been treated. I have only a few general remarks to offer, and they must hold relation rather with analogy than fact; but will be found tending towards a conviction which has long established itself in my mind, that the human body, as well as the human soul, have been, and necessarily must be, of equal stature, strength, and duration, from the earliest to the latest times. Variations natural or acquired, habitual or local, detract nothing from the point and solidity of the above position.

We should derive slender assistance in our advance towards truth from ancient history, which every reflecting man is convinced must, from the nature of things, be grounded in absurd and illusory fables. It will be sufficient to take a retrospect of seven or eight centuries into our own history, and to glance at those collateral and corroborating circumstances supposed to attend the seventeenth, and the early part of the eighteenth. The curious antiquaries who have, in the tower of London and elsewhere, examined the ponderous armour and massive weapons of those early times, assure us, that it would be simply impossible for the one to be borne, or the other wielded, by the puny arms of the warriors of these degenerate and effeminate days. The rougher habits, coarser and more substantial viands, which were in general use in former and less civilized times, are adduced as auxiliary arguments on the same side. An additional confirmation of the superior animal powers of our ancestors has been discovered in the old practice of physic; and we find such enormous doses of the most potent articles of the materia medica prescribed, not only by Sydenham, but by certain physicians who wrote sixty or seventy years since his time, as would be now thought sufficient to dispatch the most robust of us puny moderns to the elysian shades. Even our diseases, it seems, have equitably and charitably retrograded with us in power, and we no longer are goaded by the full-toned and raging podagra, which has in latter times given place to the languid and enfeebling atonic gout.

Let us confront this short general view with a counter-view of eqnal brevity. It is the invariable effect of the arts and

sciences

sciences attendant on civilization, gradually to substitute lightness and symmetry for cumbrous weight, and activity for the less useful and effective motion of slow and heavy masses. Thus the apparent superiority of bodily powers in the ancients, with a reserve for their superior athletic habits, amounts perhaps to nothing more than their labouring under useless weight, of which the men of modern times would be equally capable, did not their science render it unnecessary, and the required expedition alone impossible. We are shewn a lance or spear of immense size, the staff of which is like a weaver's beam, and assured that it was commonly used by an ancient British Goliath, a picked man doubtless: and have we not our modern Irish and British Goliaths? All the tales of antiquity are by no means so correct as those which assert the existence of giants, an enlarged variety of the human species, which has undoubtedly existed and been recognized in many parts of the world from the earliest antiquity to the present times. As to the pretended longevity of the ancients, the notion has been doubtless grounded on the mistake of reckoning by the present computation of time, instead of the more ancient year, which consisted of but two months. According to this latter computation the age of Methuselah will not exceed that of Old Parr, nor equal that of many long-lived moderns. Could any doubt lie as to this mode of settling the point, and there seems very little room for any, it may be fairly averred, that history is far more likely to deviate or commit a gross blunder than nature; an averment that will prove satisfactory to all men of sense, in a great variety of cases, and such as may be readily supposed.

In ancient and uncivilized times, when luxury was confined to few, or was even unknown to all, the athletic form and powers were no doubt more generally diffused; but even the luxury and refinement of modern times, however extreme, have by no means banished those manly attributes, either from our's or the surrounding nations. The English, Neapolitan, and Egyptian porters and peasantry, and the Russian and German soldiers, most manfully support this truth, and may be confronted for hardihood and feats of bodily strength with the stoutest and most redoubtable heroes of the ancient world. Are we to suppose that the men who with so much toil and labour fought under their heavy arms at Fontenoy and Dettingen, were of taller stature and greater bodily strength than those who fought and those who ran away with so much celerity at the late battle of the three emperors? No; we who knew and observed the soldiers of the seven years' war, can vouch that no such difference has existed. The weight of the arms and accoutrements, not of the soldiers themselves, has changed.

To

To proceed to that part of the argument in which medicine is concerned, is it not probable also that the size and strength of the doses, not of the patients, have undergone a revolution, and that medical science has improved, rather than any material change has taken place in the human frame? This is to speak generally, since, in course, robust habits must require the most powerful doses, and the boldest treatment in respect to phlebotomy; and such patients might be more numerous in former days than in the present times. Yet surely we ought not to take the luxurious period of the second Charles, and the sottish days of George I. and II. (without the smallest intention to inculpate the two last monarchs,) for times of superior health and hardihood. The very weight of drapery, velvet, broad-cloth, and massive lace, and voluminous perriwig, under which the noble, the gentle, and the polite, of those days strutted and sweated, with their large fires, substantial and heavy window and bed-furniture, must surely have tended to slacken and reduce their constitutional powers. Were these the men who could bear without injury the purgative doses we find prescribed in Sydenham and Shaw, or afford to lose a couple of pounds of blood at a time without flinching? We may, I hope, rather take it for granted, that both the practice of medicine and the chances of the patient are improved.

J. L.

GENIUS TRIUMPHANT.

AN ALLEGORY.

ABELLENZA was the son of Melchia, prince of the island of Cyrrha; he was the favourite child of genius. She presided at his birth, animated his infancy, and attended him through every gradation, from youth to manhood. Inspired by her precepts, and practised in her various enchantments, the soul of the youth sprung forward, to catch the golden prize pointed out by his preceptress as the reward of superior talents and worth.

Plumed with the wings of virtue, assisted by industry, and led on by love and duty, he took his flight towards the regions of glory; the trumpet of fame arrested his progress; the sound vibrated on his ear, it reached his heart, and his soul swelled with the tumultuous transports of coming renown. The trumpet ceased as the goddess advanced; she took the hand of the youth, and smiled. Abellenza listened with eager attention as she spoke. "Stay, aspiring youth," said the goddess, "and animate for a while by thy talents and example this nether sphere; receive the suffrages of thy fellow mortals, the reward

of thy eminent abilities, and the applauses of an admiring world; erect thy temple on the highest summit of Parnassus; let thy parent necessity be the whetstone of thy powers, and let thy sisters, Clio and Thalia, chronicle thy fame; but remember, genius must be accompanied by activity and patience, and be content to seek its laurels through briars and thorns; fight on, therefore, aspiring youth! so shall thy shrine be enriched with emblems of thy merits. Thy beloved kindred shall repose in splendid security; my trumpet shall swell with the sound of universal applause, and gild the young laurels already bound round thy brow."

Abellenza was a youth of graceful mien, and the milk of human kindness flowed in his veins; his breast beat high with virtuous emulation, his heart panted with the rich emotions of benevolence, and his soul thirsted after immortality.

Already had the public voice paid tribute to his transcendent talents, already had envy reared high her snaky crest, and darted her venomed shaft; he had paid the tax which inferiority, prosperous ignorance, and the crafty worldling exacts from the sons and daughters of genius.

Chicanery and fraud had taken advantage of his virtuous necessities; had profited by the mild ingenuousness of his nature, and the noble exercise of his talents. Love! sweet, and enchanting—love, pure and spotless, had found an entrance to his susceptible heart; alas! it was love pale and dejected—resting wholly on hope; but nought could shake the firm and virtuous soul of Abellenza! The arts of the unprincipled had urged, and pleasure lured, but could not tarnish the lustre of his talents, nor sully the noble qualities of his heart.

Such was Abellenza! when the rays of his genius ascended to distant regions; and the renowned prince Zonotasque, celebrated for magnanimity and valour, and for his liberal encouragement of the arts, sent emissaries with splendid offers to the youth, and an invitation of courtesy to his palace.

Abellenza's heart expanded at the call of glory, and the ardour of youth and hope sprung fresh within him; but he thought of his beloved kindred, the parent who protected his infancy, his virtuous sisters pining for his loss, and the soul of the youth was sad.

He wandered towards the lake of Arsulah; he reclined on its velvet banks, branching limes shaded his form, zephyrs wantoned in his soft brown hair, his breast responsed to the sighing foliage, for the soul of the youth was sad.

He mused on the words of fame, and the lustre of hope brightened the pale beam of his eye; he remembered the words of the goddess. "Genius must seek its laurels through briars and thorns." Calm flowed the lake of Arsulah; bright glowed the sun on its light blue waves; calm was the breast of

the youth, and bright were the hopes of his soul. "I will go," instinctively he repeated, "I will accept the noble offers of this illustrious prince. Dear to my soul is my native soil, fast round my heart cling the chords of nature; but the claims of duty are sacred, her reward is sure. My countrymen have forgotten to be just, they eat up the labour of my hands; I will sojourn for a while on a foreign shore; I will improve the gracious gift of Heaven by activity and perseverance, so shall the predictions of the goddess be fulfilled; my beloved kindred shall repose in splendid security; and the maid of my love, the bright-eyed daughter of Lebnor, shall glad the arms of Abellenza."

Firm were the resolves of the youth, when his soul was fired with virtuous sacrifice; prompt was his execution, for his decisions were just. He quitted the hall of his kindred, and fast flew the bark on the waves, the wind was in her sails; fast flew the bark on the waves, and fast flew the tears of Lebnor's daughter; silence reigned in the hall of his kindred, and pale was the cheek of his love!

Peace to thy soul, daughter of Lebnor! repose on thy strength, virtuous kindred of Abellenza! Bright in his fame shall the youth return; enriched with imperial honours, endowed with wealth and power shall return the youth of the secret sigh; envy shall expire at his feet, injustice hide her head, and fraud sue for mercy. The virtuous kindred of Abellenza shall repose in splendid security; the white-bosomed Zelmah shall bless the arms of the youth; genius shall triumph in her son, and joy shall reign in the hall of Lebnor.

E. G. B.

Singular Methods of treating Children and Soldiers in Russia.

ALGAROTTI informs us, that the custom of the country in Russia is, to take the children from an oven, in which they are kept for a certain time, and then to throw them into cold water. In this manner they are fortified against the heat and the frost, and rendered more invulnerable to the attacks of the seasons, than Achilles to those of the lances and the arrows. Nevertheless, every soldier, besides his arms, always carries a mantle, with which he covers himself in case of necessity; he sleeps on the snow as if on the finest bed. The nourishment of the soldier is not superabundant: when he is in camp, he receives meal, digs an oven in the earth, and bakes his bread there. When he is to be regaled, they give him a sort of very hard biscuit, which he pounds, and boils with salt, and herbs that he finds every where. But the greatest part of the time he is content with abstinence.

Answer, by S. C. Moore, Horswell-House, to R. Perring's Charade, inserted May 5.

I Think, my friend, if I am right,
PAST-LIFE you meant when you did write.

Answer, by J. Salter, of Broadhembury, to R. I. P.'s Charade, inserted May 12.

JOIN your first and second true,
The hero NELSON then you'll view.

†§† We have received the like answer from J. S. and H. Stoneman, of Exeter; T. Coumbe, of S. German's; J. Whittle, of Upway; W. Varcoe, of Mevagissey; S. C. Moore, Horswell-House; S. L. of Sidmouth; W. D. and W. Cross, of Bristol; R. Gidley, jun. of Dean Prior; J. Badcock; Ann Dyer, of Manadon-House, near Plymouth; P. Ninnis, of Tavistock; Walter Bickham, jun. of Ashburton; W. L. J. Woodman, jun. of North Curry; H. Glasson, of Praze; J. Butler, of Wellington; W. D. C. of Bridgewater; Rusticus, of Awliscombe; and W. Richards, of Yealmpton.

Answer, by J. Stoneman, of Exeter, to J. Gidley's Anagram, inserted May 12.

A Horse's MANE, transpos'd aright,
Will quickly bring a NAME to sight.

§"§ We have received the like answer from J. Woodman, jun. of North Curry; W. D. and W. Cross, of Bristol; Thomas Coumbs, St. German's; W. Varcoe, of Mevagissey; J. S. of Exeter; J. Butler, of Wellington; S. L. of Sidmouth; J. Fairweather, Batson, near Kingsbridge; W. D C. of Bridgewater; Rusticus, of Awliscombe; M. Duncan, of Plymouth; S. C. Moore, of Horswell House; P. Ninnis, of Tavistock; R. Trewavas, jun. of Mousehole; J. Badcock; W. D. C. of Bridgewater; Henry Glasson, of Praze; W. Richards, of Yealmpton; and A. Dyer, of Manadon-House, Plymouth.

An ANAGRAM, *by W. D. of Bristol.*

IF you a beast with care transpose,
An Italian town you'll soon disclose.

A REBUS, *by W. Bickham, Jun. of Ashburton.*

TWO-THIRDS what toils all summer long,
Join'd with a plural, will
Reveal what is in churches sung
With music's heavenly skill.

A CHARADE, *by T. Rutger, of Clowance.*

THE hero bold, by glory when inspir'd,
Unto my first with dauntless spirit goes
To greater deeds, with emulation fir'd,
The want of courage ne'er his bosom knows;
And while regardless of my next he flies,
More noble views his gen'rous heart expands;
Either a victim to his country dies,
Or bears away the trophies at command:
These parts, when right explor'd, you then will know,
My useful whole in foreign climes doth grow.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

The MATCH GIRL.

AH me! ah me! my joys are flown,
Quite pensively I wander;
With meagre face, and tatter'd gown,
My days in grief I squander.

Thus I am doom'd to seek my bread
'Till death my life dispatches,
And thro' the street, with naked head,
I cry, "come, buy my matches."

My parents could not boast much wealth,
But 'twas the will of Heaven,
To give them peace, content, and health,
But soon from them 'twas driven.

A fire one night consum'd their cot,
And left them needy wretches.
So with them 'twas my woeful lot,
To cry, "come, buy my matches."

Worn out by want, o'ercome with care,
Their spirits wasted yearly;
They died—and left me in despair,
And now I mourn sincerely.

No friend have I to dry my tears,
My clothes are full of patches;
In woe I spend my youthful years,
And cry, "come, buy my matches."

Oh ye! that in rich splendour dwell,
In villa, town, or city,
Combine my sorrows to expel,
Oh! hear my tale in pity;

Blest be the hearts that feel my grief,
The hands that lift their latches,
To yield the child some kind relief,
Who cries, "come, buy my matches."

London, 1806. A. KYNE, Jun.

REMONSTRANCE.

GRAVE natures there are, no one blessing enjoying:
Whose only delight—for delight it must be!
From year's end to year's end, consists in annoying
The few happy moments that others might see!

Oh! how should we bow, when a shrewd admonition
Comes hot, piping hot, from the mouth of a friend;
Who, void of all feeling for mortal condition,
Thinks that *words* may the saddest condition amend.

Now

Now smiling, now pain'd, to each sapient conjecture
That kindness officiously dings in my ear,
I listen; and prudence quite ended his lecture,
Suppose that my preacher *meant* nothing severe!

One, ventures at dinner my eating to question:
He thinks, with a stomach as tough as a stone,
That I, who had always a sickly digestion,
Might pick cold fat mutton quite clean to the bone.

This, doubts if my dress might not bear some retrenchment;
Tho' from fashion, alas! for an age now divorc'd,
I wear (some would say) with amazing contentment,
Two coats thro' the year—e'en because I am forc'd!

My glass if I take; with a modest tongue-twitcher,
The vices of drinking one hopes to explain!
No *chorus* for me, with a friend and a pitcher;
The song should I hear, I the jug must refrain;

Another affirms, that by safe calculation,
Two houses he keeps with two hundred a year:
I'm sure, if he lies not, he lives in a nation
Where things are both better and cheaper than here.

My mansions of bliss, which by fancy were builded,
They warn me will vapour and vanish in air;
Forgot, if the scene no illusion had gilded,
The sadness of truth would compel to despair!

Then they tell me, the breeze from Parnassus inhaling,
It maddens the senses, and wilders the brain!
How kind! to forbid me the only regaling
With which I contrive still to solace my pain.

I trust, had these sons of perfection admitted
Their feelings or notions a whit to refine,
I in charity trust, that they would not have quitted
This case—with so little allowance for mine.

For me! I here beg to have done with all reason,
If doubting and cavil must school us to act:
With pleasure and hope let me linger a season;
I cannot, I fear, become matter of fact!

Some sunshine must gladden the path of mere duty:
I never could yet by compulsion be driven:
I love not a woman the less for her beauty;
And feel doubly a favour, if handsomely given.

LEO.

SONNET *to* CONTENTMENT.

OFFSPRING divine of innocence and health!
Content! whose care prepares the halcyon's nest,
Whether you bless the heart of bounteous wealth,
Or with the unletter'd cottager you rest;
If e'er among life's busy throng you're seen,
You I invoke in most enthusiast prayer;
Ah! come to me, who've long a pilgrim been,
Treading the rocks of visionary care:
Allay the fever of my burning soul;
Dispel each passion which disturbs its rest;
Instruct that fame and fortune's richest dole
Are gilded thorns that canker in the breast;
Steal from my grasp th' ambitious, madd'ning bowl,
And teach me knowledge in how much I'm blest.